The
COMMONWEAL

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The Pope's Appeal for Peace

PIUS XII's eloquent plea for peace—a plea addressed to God and man—manifested the profound sorrow of the "common father of all who believe in Christ" over "Europe and the world in brutal conflict." Yet it was not as despairing as some of the headlines in the daily press would make it. His homily is rather a cry of hope, an express conviction that these days of tears and bitterness will pass, that this holocaust is a "phase in the solemn story of humanity predicted by Christ." The Holy Father exhorted the peoples to prayer and penance and good works. The prayer with which Pius XII concluded was a plea for God's compassion on the human race, particularly for the direct victims of the war in every category. He ended with the notes that would characterize the lasting peace so desired by humanity: "May justice and charity on one side and on the other be in perfect balance, so that all injustice be repaired and the reign of right restored, all discord and rancor be banished from men's minds, and may there arise and gather strength in contemplation of a new and harmonious prosperity, true and well-ordered peace that will permanently unite as brothers, through the ages, in the harmonious search of higher good all peoples of the human race, one in Thy sight. Amen." Perhaps the key to the allocution was: "God with that infinite and tender mercy which is over all His works will hear us."

Peace, True and Well-Ordered

Against Misunderstanding

THE EFFORT to deal currently with the war question and America's part in the war has required THE COMMONWEAL to examine a number of its personal problems which would exist even if there were no war, but which could probably be comfortably overlooked in a less strenuous period. The different men and women who support THE COMMONWEAL as staff and contributing editors and, certainly, as readers and friends as well, are individual persons with viewpoints of their own which at times naturally do not coincide. It is hard, and would likely be very foolish for THE COMMONWEAL not to exhibit some kind of particular and continuing viewpoint in the manner of a single person. A "least common denominator" opinion and policy which would leave out the war issue would be too small a fraction of an outlook to be of any use. Talking about feeding Europe, arguing about the right of neutrality, asking about America's foreign obligations and privileges, THE COMMONWEAL cannot express at once the various and at times conflicting purposes and beliefs and doubts of all the persons who generously work with it. Already, to our regret, an incorrect impression has been given in this field, when responsibility behind words in these columns was left too vague. In the difference in the November 22 issue, for example, between the article on neutrality by William Agar, a generous contributing editor, and the editorial that referred to the article, confusion arose. Readers questioned who were the editors in general agreement with the editorial, and who, like Mr. Agar, were other editors who certainly did not agree with that editorial. To avoid confusion, THE COMMONWEAL must let it be clear for the future that unsigned editorials are the responsibility of Philip Burnham and Edward Skillin, Jr., listed on the masthead as simply "Editors." In this way THE COMMONWEAL recognizes the limitations of institutional individuality. It frees other collaborators from being placed in an ambiguous position, and frees the magazine from the danger of creating any false impression about its friends' opinions. We hope it will strengthen and not disguise *de facto* and powerful agreement on most matters, and on the most fundamental matters. One of the most important of these is precisely the framework for disagreement in fields where disagreement cannot be avoided. Besides editorials, THE COMMONWEAL hopes to develop an "Editorial Forum" where all the collaborators —managing, literary, special and contributing editors—will find it useful to elaborate points they feel should be made.

Differences

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Off to Yaphank

THE DINGY old railway station was filled with people. Not only the regular 8:25 commuting people, but all kinds. There had been a parade from town to the station yard, with veterans and the whole police force and the high school band. All the volunteer firemen and the exempt firemen and the firemen's band were there, and the mayor and council. Several big flags, many little ones. But there were no speeches. Ten young men stood on the platform with their various belongings, looking a little sheepish and a little excited. They were the ten who had volunteered for military training, who were our proxies in the draft. None of them looked particularly well-off, or particularly Yankee: they were six of Italian parentage, three of Polish, one of Irish. Not a Yankee in the lot. And not one of them had ever had a job. . . . The train pulled in; the Mayor shook each one's hand, the bands played in mild disharmony, there was a disorganized cheer, and the old conductor's cheeks were the only ones to look a bit moist. He remembered the departure of other trains from that station—twenty-two, twenty-three years ago. Trains solid with awkward boys and men and with no commuters at all. Special trains. This was only the immemorial 8:25. But it was more than twenty years since the firemen's band and the mayor and the cops had all been down to see it off. "All aboard . . ." The train chugged away, and from car to car echoed the same sentiment—"Nice the town saw 'em off; but it won't hurt the boys . . . in fact, a year's service won't hurt 'em one little bit. . . ." Six Wops, three Polacks, and a Mick.

Ten Americans

Ambassadors and Chargés d'Affaires

ALEXANDER KIRK is on his way to Rome as Chargé d'Affaires with the rank of Minister—a title which is intended to convey mild disapproval of the Italian Government. Admiral Leahy will be leaving soon for France as American Ambassador to the French Government—and not to the "Vichy Government" which is a disparaging appellation used by people outside France to mark their desire for barricades, suicide and vicarious heroism. Mr. Kennedy being in America we have a Chargé d'Affaires in London, and we will soon, of course, have an Ambassador there. We have also a Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, but it is not so certain that we will soon send an Ambassador to Germany. It will be recalled that Mr. Hugh Wilson, who is now retired after long and able service as a "career" man, left Berlin a long time ago, and his departure was taken, as it was meant to be taken, as a mark of our disapproval of German policy. Germany replied at the time by withdrawing its Ambassador to the United States.

The Policy of Absence

It seems to us that diplomacy by absence fits snugly into the picture of a world which is forever gone. A world in which raised eyebrows were an accepted and comprehensible move in diplomatic procedure, a world of protocol and etiquette and subtlety. In that world, with music by Strauss, when an Ambassador failed to dance with the ugly princess it was indeed the end of the world. But in the world of today a policy of persistent presence is required. We should have an Ambassador in Berlin just as we have one in Moscow and in Tokio. An American ambassador is a recall to reality, that American reality of weight and power which all governments should be encouraged to perceive. We regret that the dictators cannot enjoy the advantages of normal travel and the education in reality which accompanies travel. Let them at least always have beside them the presence, desired or not, of a man who represents what we are. He would represent among other realities Times Square on Election night with its demonstration that a crowd is not necessarily a mob, enthusiasm not always delirium, division of opinion not fatally conflict, the police not inevitably repressive.

It must also be said that an ambassador is the best means our government has found to secure information concerning the action and intention of foreign governments. We need that information now more than ever. It should not be based on hearsay: it cannot be made effective through absence.

Food and Europe

TO THE BEST of present belief a lot of innocent people are going to starve in Europe this winter. Over here there is food to prevent this. We all presume that if we send the food, England will object, and that if it gets there, Hitler will either grab it or be otherwise greatly advantaged. Mr. Hoover, who is not without experience in such matters, thinks otherwise. At present writing that is the precise position. We *think* people are threatened with starvation, we *think* England won't let us feed them, Mr. Hoover *thinks* feeding them needn't crucially help the axis. The only thing we *know* is that we have food to spare.

National Action Needed

But if opinion generally sees millions as wanting food in Europe, are we not obliged at least to ascertain the facts? Do they need help? And if so, is it feasible for us to help them? The least we can do is to try to find out. Either the President or Congress or both could and should name an official commission, and agents should be sent abroad duly accredited to the governments in-

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volved, to investigate and report back on those questions. Commissions have been appointed in plenty to less grave purpose.

What possible objection is there to this procedure? It would commit us to nothing; it would enable us to make our final decision in the light of knowledge and reasoned judgment rather than wild surmise. It would be giving millions of American citizens an official report on how their own blood relatives in Europe are faring, a subject on which even private information is distressingly meager, a report to which such citizens are rightfully entitled. And it might make more clear where our national, Christian duty lies in this matter. Our present official attitude looks uncommonly like deliberate sidestepping.

Medical Care for Low-Income Groups

THE LATEST GROUP health plan to be launched in this part of the country will probably attract special attention because it is to function in connection with the Vladeck Houses, a widely publicized housing development for small-income groups on New York's Lower East Side. However, the project has intrinsic interest and promise, and deserves to be watched carefully for what it will reveal as to the possibilities of non-governmental medical care for comparable groups throughout the country. It will be tried out experimentally for two years with a $10,000 backing from the New York Foundation, under the supervision of a board of physicians and laymen. This board has been chosen to represent the hospitals which will serve the project, the doctors of the vicinity and of the New York County Medical Society, and, on the other hand, the tenants of the Vladeck Houses as well as the Henry Street Visiting Nurses and the Lower East Side Associations. Practical medical services will be rendered by a panel of doctors who have signified their wish to be associated with the plan; any physician in New York City is eligible. Patients may choose their physicians freely from the entire panel, and either patient or physician may terminate the relationship upon a month's notice. It is denied that the project comes under the terms of "health insurance" or "group health," but there are obviously features in it parallel to both. The tenant members pay each a flat rate yearly—three dollars per person or twelve dollars per family of four or more—in small instalments with the monthly rent, and these sums are to be proportioned out as fees among the attending physicians on the basis of services given. Laboratory and specialist services will be rendered by the Gouverneur and Beth Israel Hospitals, which would normally treat this group of patients as free or out-patient cases; it would seem that this is a vital feature of the plan, without which it could not succeed in its present financial framework. All told, it is one of the most noteworthy efforts yet made to give adequate medical care to the poor. It may serve as a pattern of better things in many places besides New York.

The Vladeck Plan

Labor Unions Pause at Conventions

THERE was hope that the conventions of the labor unions this fall would furnish high drama at least, and perhaps a new direction for union activity. But even with the replacement of John L. Lewis, the conventions were routine affairs. They reflected the current uncongealed positions of the unions. The great objective of unity, sought in vain for five years, appeared to be no nearer to attainment. The two scandalous and debilitating infections from which the unions suffer—the racketeers of the AFL and the communists of the CIO—received more polite than truly curative attention. And through both conventions ran a thread of uncertainty about the status of labor and labor unions in the defense industries. Of course, there may be fresh beginnings coming from the conventions which the newspapers have not yet reported. Philip Murray, the new president of the CIO, may be in a better position than he looks to reorganize and purge the CIO staff of harassing communists and fellow travelers. The CIO may still have the strength to carry on to success its organizational drives in textiles, Little Steel, Ford, etc. Even the bureaucracy of the AFL may have been stimulated by the excitement at New Orleans and by the public recognition of union racketeers to start some action against the racketeers in union office, which would turn out more promising than the resolutions they passed on the subject. Although achieving unity would help greatly, the unions alone cannot be expected to work out the public policy regarding labor conditions in the defense industries. War psychology and the need for maximum manufacturing speed and the maximum government use of war industries is a serious threat to labor freedom and standards and to the rational working out of industrial relations. Already Attorney General Jackson has blamed communists for the Vultee strike, and all the overwhelming pressure of the government was exerted to get a solution. Perhaps the strike was communistic; but the public must take care that the easy use of such and other easily imaginable Draconian measures to handle labor disputes, does not push aside justice and depress the condition of labor. When normal bargaining is so unlikely, the CIO seems justified in insisting that the agency enforcing production should have greater labor representation.

The AFL and CIO

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Dialogue with Myself

Adam cannot be a symbol; he must be a true common ancestor, or humanity falls apart.

By Jean C. de Menasce

HE is badly brought up, cleans his ears at table, and belches magnificently. Everything holds us apart: culture, feeling, artistic tastes and political sympathies. He arouses my bile: "It is his fault if the room is too warm and if his ancestors held mine up to scorn." I must choose between murder, insult and irony. . . . I settle upon irony, since it is more sophisticated .

Yet on the other hand: "God . . . hath made *of one,* all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth."

For heaven's sake let not my soul and my friends make a symbol out of Adam; it is in the letter taken literally that is found the spirit, the honey amid the stones. Around this center I collect anew my wits. Sacred history is true. At one time I thought that Maritain was making much ado about the nominalists; but no, what is at stake in that battle is the only thing that matters. Happily he defeats them at a blow. If he is conquered, we shall owe our salvation only to the lazy and to the foolish.

The fight is on between this weak glow of light and a hurly-burly of darkness. Just as a happy smile wipes away accumulated anguish, so I see disappear a neat little theory, very carefully worked out, purposely built up to buttress my hatred and to furnish it with a fine political or literary career. In my hands I was holding a bludgeon; I now hold only a plaything.

I kept saying to myself: "*I* am descended from a tiger; *your* totem is the kangaroo. You are not *my* neighbor; between you and me there is nothing in common." To friends within my tribe: honor, loyalty, friendship; to him and to his: the law of the jungle, of exploitation, of domination or of pleasure.

Now I have to speak an altogether different language: "Between you and silly, worthless me there exists a likeness." Our common nature is not a word which contains all sorts of things, like a magician's hat; it is a spiritual reality, a relationship which disposes to friendship.

Great masses of walls crumble; it is possible to breathe fresh air once more. In Adam who made our loss, I willy-nilly find you again, poor relative, neighbor, one of my own. Of course we are not members of the same coterie or of the same social set, but we are of the same family. That is something broader, more various . . . terrible. The first draught of the net casts us all into the same basket. Our common nature, our like flesh, are the meshes which hold us captive. Suicide is not a door which opens outward, and somersaults do not free me from the earth.

True enough, Adam, your offspring are not a carefully selected outfit! Our family, made up of Levantines, of Balkans, of Negroes, of Jews and of Aryans, has nothing select about it. What a burlesque and terrific family! O magnificence! Charlie Chaplin and Hitler, Rockefeller and Maritain are cousins! God and metaphysics assert it to be so. Truth is joyful!

Heaven help us, but there would be needed only an act of faith and a few little logical and courageous *ergos* for the depressing and vulgar tragedy of this world to turn pleasantly into vaudeville.

* * *

But Adam is dead this long time and I must admit that Aristotelianism is a little on the dry side. Devotion to the dead and logical coherence are not my strong points when passion scolds or murmurs. Then again it is only within the family, as Tolstoy put it, that one can hate properly; and again, how many men there have been between Adam, perplexed and scratching his head after his fall, and me; and again, this old Adam does not seem to me a very estimable person; and again, why should I love for the sake of a dead man, whom I do not like, a living man whom I do not like either.

Love has gone astray in the maze of the centuries and of dialectics.

If Darwin was right, the lamb would have to lie between the paws of the lion as a memento to the missing link. But who was it said: "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. The calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together . . . and the lion shall eat straw like the ox." Surely it was Isaias. It is the Messiah, the second Adam, who tames the menagerie. God alone can administer the mercy stroke.

It is true that everything which is alive in you is not born of a fecund woman, but of God. There is nobody between your soul and the Father. Your soul, freshly beautiful, is at that moment brought forth from the celestial depths in the wrappings of all powerful love. We are sons of the same

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Father. We are brothers. Adam is dead, but God is living; Adam is pre-historic, but God is terribly present.

Who sees you in Truth loves you in fire.

One single glance of awakened wonder, one glance at God would suffice to ensure a man's not selling his eggs too high, and would suffice another man's abruptly stopping short as he carved out empires for himself. Poor men in aprons or in helmets—it is the same distraction which prevents you from seeing that the housewife who goes out with her measly little package under her arm and that soldier with the hole in his belly are sons of God.

But they are more than that.

By going down into the depths of dogma, into the very essence of mystery, I do not escape from the earth, but by secret paths I find again my brothers. The Father has only one Son and we are all of us like a son in the one Son; "I in them, and thou in me: that they may be made perfect in one." Here is the sacrilege. He who sells his eggs too dear or conquers the earth "attacks as much as he is able the very unity of God."

"A quarter of an hour of silence in the heavens" makes a man more revolutionary than does Marx's "Capital" and instills in him a more living solidarity than any association with credit unions or rural cooperatives.

* * *

Hitler, "the terrible simplifier," has been able to see underneath all economic, technical and juridical complications, underneath all the accumulated contributions of the centuries, under all military, feudal and chivalric traditions, the primitive countenance of war. It took genius for this corporal not to let himself be dazzled by the imposing machinery of war with its thousands of meshing wheels, ranging from biochemistry to high finance; it took almost a sense of humor to reduce the complicated plans of the general staff to their primitive essence: the plan of a Redskin chieftain compounded of physical struggle, of treachery, of ambush, of terror, of conspiracy. His solemn generals and his ministerial pen-pushers must have had a shock indeed when they saw all their traditions shot full of holes and their tactics become once again merely those of a bad Indian.

Once the structural pattern, the unifying line, as Michelangelo would have put it, was established anew, the technicians went back to work. They had been afraid they would have to make a new Trojan horse out of *papier maché;* they regained their serenity when they were presented with the compilation of a highly complicated railway schedule. The generals, who saw themselves covered with red and blue warpaint, joyfully received as new playthings the sirens of modern war.

With far less personal genius than Hitler, but with infinitely more genius shared in Christ, I discovered once again the simplifying or, rather, organizing and vitalizing intuition which permits me to find myself in the labyrinth of silly and forgetful hearts and worlds.

We are members one of another. I am possessed of the mason's level with which to certify walls and the "golden reed" with which to measure the city.

If I am a member, I must make my mind that of a member; if we are members, we should have institutions of membership. Everything which encourages, develops, defines, makes efficacious and effective this basic reality is good. Everything which betrays it, forgets it, leads it into a dead end, stifles it, or puts it out of order is bad.

In the ministry of war everyone must have cried out, "This is indecent. And what are we going to do with all the white gloves and red trousers? It was far more elegant to say: 'Shoot first, my English gentlemen!'" Now the uproar is general (happily very few will read this article, and those few probably have consciences proof against anxiety). In his shop the grocer mumbles: "I have never heard of such a thing, not even when I studied the catechism—two prices for eggs! The commercial price, fixed by the eternal law of supply and demand, and a just price!" In the presbytery, the pastor polishes his glasses: "These young enthusiasts are incorrigible! What now! Is it really necessary that in the house of a father who on Sundays asks his children to a feast and invites them to eat of the Bread of eternity and love we must really put less emphasis on the collection plate?" And in her drawing room the lady of the world, who with her social secretary prepares the début of her daughter, with hosts of photographs in the New York *Times* and of young men from the fashionable universities, hired out for the evening in groups of five, chokes with indignation at the very thought of having to change the customs of good society and of having to risk the scorn of her friends: "Even Catholics in our modern world are losing any sense of measure and of propriety!"

Milady & Co., read what Saint Thomas wrote on that superfluity which belongs to the poor, and read what he wrote on justice—you will be even more scandalized.

God's truth penetrates; the divine X-ray reveals all the dislocated joints of our social and psychological life. The silences which isolate us are bad, the silences which bring us together are good; the deceiving word, harsh or sly, is bad, the word, the natural sacrament, which makes hearts and intellects commune together is good. Everything which unites us is good: the understanding intellect and the sympathy of the heart, faithfulness, loyalty, piety toward the dead; virtues reveal their deepest aspect when they are acting in this direction; they articulate us with God and with His

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Whole Son: charity, justice, tact, respect, cheerfulness, authority and obedience articulate us in our actions; politeness in our meetings with one another.

Everything which isolates is bad; poverty which isolates is bad, and riches which isolate are bad. Heresy, schism, usury, dilettantism, the idea of the superman, war, intellectual meanness, certain concepts of property or of national sovereignty, these are the things which make the Whole Christ crumble. Even a certain kind of asceticism which tends toward self-sufficiency and toward internal autonomy, or which prefers the head and neglects the members, is bad.

And now, my technical gentlemen, theologians, psychologists, financiers, teachers, industrialists, politicians and philosophers—get on with your job of articulation: sacramental action, the organization of work, education. But go about it slowly. Let's not encroach upon grace and life; we are so sick that we could ill stand a new deception. Juridical, technical and intellectual harmony will never suffice until hearts love each other. With such loveless harmonies alone, all will fall apart. It is not through the power of mere rules and regulations that the world can take on a fraternal aspect. One cannot string a man's limbs together; one cannot pin leaves to a tree. Agreements are effective only when they confirm something already almost accomplished in the normal growth and sympathy of living beings.

* * *

But in Heaven's name, let us not make mucilage out of friendship and dough out of unity. Uniformity is not unity, conformism is not unanimity, a flock of sheep is not a body of hearts and intelligences: we must even save room for friendly disputes within the kingdom of friendship. "Let us however," writes Saint Augustine, "resolve to maintain between ourselves the liberty as well as the charity of friendship, so that neither of us should be restrained from frankly stating to the other whatever troubles him, provided always that this be done in the spirit which does not, as inconsistent with brotherly love, displease God. For the love which I would see maintained between us is assuredly the greater love which would make this mutual freedom possible; but the smaller measure of it is better than none at all."

We should not make a mucilage out of charity; also we cannot make of it a single act. Our great temptation is to try to be like God too quickly, but the homogeneity of God is not imitated by the homogeneity of an oyster, but by the articulated multiplicity of a differentiated organism. We should learn how to live a unity made up out of pieces: unity of faith, unity of hope, unity in a conversation between friends—the Eucharistic communion and a good joke after dinner have both their irreplaceable share in the task of unity.

In God everything is love; between divine brothers the temptation is to yield everything to love. Doubtless love should inform the other virtues and all laws, institutions and customs; but love cannot take their place.

In the intellectual field, long centuries of reflection and of experiment have permitted Catholic thought to distinguish before its unites, to make precise the domains of intelligence and of faith. There is no longer any danger that we drown ourselves in a fideism which absorbs or kills nature to the sole advantage of grace, or in a modernism which absorbs or kills grace to the advantage of nature. From a social point of view we should set aside regions in which the free welling up of love each time finds anew appropriate acts for its expression, and also regions where brotherly relations are fixed and ruled by custom and by law. The notion of the "kindly employer" or of the paternalistic government, which graciously yields that which it would not allow us to claim by virtue of well established right, is, because less human, also less Christian and less divine than we might think. We cannot without danger take a short cut toward God.

Then again good men will not be held back; love likes it well that we should force its hand, and it takes pleasure in giving without expecting thanks. Good men are like a true artist whose genius easily adapts itself to a commission—to the shape of a plot, to the dimensions of the wall which is to be decorated, to the resistance offered by the materials used. A certain legalism easily associates itself with true mysticism. As for bad men, they will by force of circumstances take on the hypocritical appearance of love. So much the better. Too long have social customs forced upon good men the hair shirt of impersonalized and inhuman routine.

But the love of a man who expects too much from another creature necessarily turns into hatred, as Saint Thomas remarks. At the beginning "that man" only aroused my bile; now I feel moved by the most dangerous of passions—a righteous indignation. The most idealistic reformers become in time the bloodiest. "He is not fraternal enough: shouldn't I chop off his head?"

To be familiar with you, My God, is dangerous; You are my greatest temptation. I hate him because he is not God, and You require me to consider him as such. I would like him to be God all at once; is not God always "instantaneous"? Yes, "but man makes progress slowly . . . and only he who is not created is at once perfect." Ripening life is more divine than mechanical speed; the fruitfulness of the harvest is slow; the vintage takes place at the end of the year; the olive is the last fruit; the great change will take place at the end of time. To wish for the kingdom of God on earth leads to regimentation, to rigorism,

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to ostracism, and at last to despair. God is patient; you do not imitate him by being petulant.

Let it be so; let men have their earth, give them, in order that You may console Yourself for not being able to bestow on them Your own Paradise, everything which can give them pleasure —riches, honor, women, horses, caviar, books— but let us make ourselves a little corner, a tiny little corner, not at all burdensome—a church for saints, for brothers. The little chapel would like to set itself up with a limited, congenial membership; the eternal temptation of a select élit seizes upon me once more. Happily Saint Augustine's irony preserves me from such solemn humbug: "What does heresy do? It condemns those it does not know, it condemns the whole world; the whole world has perished; not a single Christian, only Africa, is saved!" On Christ's threshing floor there must be straw as well as grain. "At any rate the flail of that threshing floor is not Petilien's tongue." God came for the bad. He prefers sinners to just men—"that is the thunder which crashes forth from the Scriptures, and the while the frogs croak in their swamp: it is we alone who are Christians."

It is impossible to attain to the full extent of the Incarnation if one stops short with the kind of humanity Christ assumed in His earthly person, and if one does not include all the others—the sinners, the godless, the eccentric, and all the rest —which He assumes in all mankind. If Christ humiliated in a prostitute, if Christ denatured in a usurer horrifies us, are we not among those whom His weak and saintly humanity would have scandalized? Spare us, pretentious fool, spare us the only Hope of the whole world; "do not toss aside the shameful things necessary for our faith." The Pure Act was not "horrified" at the womb of a virgin—and yet you set yourself up, a prig.

* * *

I have tried all the exits, there is no way out. Hatred is foolish, but however convinced I may be of its folly, that does not keep me from being enclosed within the bag of my own skin. Sacred history, philosophic reason, chivalric honor, all the ethical codes, Christian truth—all these things do not succeed in holding me back upon that slope down which I slide with all my original weight toward division and the turgid deep.

The conclusion of the syllogism is rigorous. God is my Father, therefore I am His son, therefore I am brother to all men. But you harry me in vain with your *ergos*—I cannot forgive offenses, suffer with those who suffer and rejoice with those who rejoice. Why torture any longer my evil and hollow heart?

* * *

He speaks.

I am not only Truth; I am imparted Life. To him who hath, I shall give even more, gift upon gift, and gift to make good use of gift. Your heart is not evil and hollow; his heart is not evil and hollow; I dwell in you, both of you.

* * *

I am Christ, you are Christ, we are "Christ loving Himself," His love in us has an altogether other power and cohesion than a mere system of thought; it breathes and grows and burgeons. A wall stops light; it does not stop sound; a *doctrine* of charity stops at obstacles; everything is at the service of a *life* of love. My power of sight stops at the simple habiliments of flesh; through double habiliments conversation takes place. Life flows.

"O Christ, O Body of Christ, O you, O me, O all of us, who all together make but one."

Three Poems

The Body Seeks to Tell Brain's Love

The body seeks to tell brain's love,
The brain to tell the body's bliss
But before the rose and silver fact
The lip all granite is.

Sight may not hold the form of love
No matter how fair the loved one be;
Love frets still at the door of love,
Sense fumbles with the key.

With What Assurance Squirrels Run

With what assurance squirrels run
Through the green rooms of the sun,
With what airy certitude
The moth invades the dusky wood;
The bud upon the bough is sure
It for a summer will endure;
The pea within the pod is certain,
The spider sure behind his curtain;

Clouding the afternoon with love,
Man alone staggers blind,
Seeking his image down his mind,—
Fearful, thoughtful, lost, supreme,—
Clouding the afternoon with love,
Marring the perfect night with dream.

The Eye Is Like a Fear

The eye is like a fear,
The mouth is like a cry,
The hand is like a weapon,
The brain is like a spy—
Like a flight the limbs,
Like a moth, the breath:—
Like the hunted, being,
Like the hunted, death.

TOM BOGGS.

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Books for Christmas 1940

IN THE corner of one of THE COMMONWEAL editorial offices stands a broad, mahogany-colored table which serves to hold all the new and forthcoming books the publishers send for review. That is the first step. Between them and the final printing of the actual review a number of mishaps can occur. To begin with, someone on the editorial or business staff of the magazine will be intrigued by a title or a book jacket and the volume will disappear, at least for the nonce. If it clears this initial hurdle, the book is sent on to the reviewer who, in his turn, may mislay the book. If, however, he perserveres, his comments finally reach the printer. In addition to the scattered volumes that are unconsciously purloined or mislaid in transit, there are a great many others that never reach the broad book table at all. On occasion those in charge of sending out review copies think THE COMMONWEAL would not be interested in some of their most hopeful ventures and no requests for later copies can shake them in this belief. So the staff of THE COMMONWEAL makes no claim to having read all the books published in the United States during the year 1940. The list which follows was compiled with only a few peeks at the omniscient *Book Review Digest* and not every worthy magazine was combed. The appended list of volumes suitable for Christmas gifts—if the right man and the right book are brought together—is not exhaustive. On the other hand we have kept in touch with the titles that have come to be "best sellers," and if any of the most highly publicized volumes of the day do not appear below, readers may well suppose that there is a reason. Last week Jerome Mellquist described the leading art books of the year, while the week before Harry Binsse surveyed the children's books of 1940. If we included detective stories, we would have mentioned Eric Shepherd's "Murder in a Nunnery," (S. & W. $1.75), but also an impossible number of others too.

Life, High and Halfway. What an amazing country ours is to have produced such dissimilar characters as those in this list of current biography. There is such a striking variety of characters that one would suppose they must stem from as differing traditions as do—in the foreign section—such men as Suarez and William Morris. Yet not only are they all Americans but essentially American. Holding her individuality clear and urgent in the famous New England group which comprised Emerson, Channing and Hawthorne, "Margaret Fuller" (Mason Wade, Viking, $3.50) remains the scholar-mystic who is also somewhat of a mystery. Mason Wade's account of her life is clearly written and stimulating. If you want the greatest contrast to such a life consider a General and a President, "A Man Named Grant" (Helen Todd, Houghton, $3.50) in whom whatever speculative urge there may have existed was well concealed. A practical man held closely to the affairs of this world. A simple book about a character which remained simple to the human eye. Or consider another General and another President, "George Washington" (Nathaniel Wright Stephenson and Waldo Hilary Dunn, Oxford, $10.00) whose character certainly was never simple and whose will directed and dominated the material, our nation, which it formed. The book is a remarkable achievement in analysis and narrative.

The wealth and variety of American characters continue through the list. A Russian nobleman comes to America to work in the wilderness for the glory of God as plain Mr. Smith, a priest; "Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin" (P. H. Lemcke, Longmans, $2.50). A Negro brilliantly and polemically sustains his race in its advance toward the free mind and a free life ("Dust of Dawn," W. E. B. Du Bois, Harcourt, $3.00). A Jewish sociologist and civic leader analyzes our problems and devotes his life generously to their solution ("I Remember," the Autobiography of Abraham Flexner, S. & S., $3.75). A doctor relates a full life of service, humor and adventure (" Hugh Young": a Surgeon's Autobiography, Harcourt, $5.00). An American Indian girl becomes a Catholic, understands and lives the Faith and suffers for it—and today, Henry Ford canal boats and munition boats float down the Mohawk beneath the hill on which is her shrine ("Katharine Tekakwitha," Fordham University Press, $7.50). A young American priest goes out to China and dies at his work ("When the Sorgum Was High," John Joseph Considine, M.M., Longmans, $2.00). There is that kind of adventure, the highest because it is incidental to the service of God, and there is too, and legitimate also, the plain earthly adventure of exploration and courage. That strangely energetic young couple the Johnsons show it ("I Married Adventure," Osa Johnson, Lippincott, $3.50). And there is the humble adventure of hard work and hard play with its human reward of sympathetic knowledge ("Schoolmaster of Yesterday," M. F. Kennedy, Whittlesey House, $2.75). There is something you cannot call adventure but simply the courage, charity and devotion to duty of the men who work for the lepers ("Who Walk Alone," Perry Burgess, Holt, $2.75). And for those who may want for a moment to look at nature, there are two excellent books about animal life and how men have studied and interpreted it: the second a fascinating account of the art of stuffing animals ("Trail of an Artist Naturalist," Ernest Thompson Seton, Scribners, $3.75; "The Wilderness Lives Again," Mary A. J. L. Akeley, Dodd, $3.00). And back to human beings again for an account of a curious and neglected American, Zona Gale (not Zane Gray!) ("The Still Small Voice," A. Derleth, Appleton, $3.00).

In the foreign section contrasts continue, expected and explicable. An eccentric and diverting friend of Shelley and Byron, Edward Trelawny, who had Byron's fun

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but wrote no poems, is ably described in relation to these great poets and their incredibly romantic lives ("Trelawny," Margaret Armstrong, Macmillan, $3.00). Next to him on our list towers the much and darkly discussed Alexander VI. This capable Pontiff is perhaps over abundantly justified by his present biographer, but a reaction was needed to an exaggerated legend ("The Borgia Pope: Alexander VI," Orestes Ferrara, S. & W., $3.50). Then with a remarkable leap into the reasonable and earnest we find an old English socialist and utopian and an old friend of ours, William Morris ("Victorian Rebel," Lloyd W. Eshleman, Scribner, $3.00). By way of contrast there can hardly be a phrase adequate to express that existing, in time and character, between this kind man who frightened and enthused our fathers and the Great Queen ("Queen Elizabeth," Theodore Maynard, Bruce, $4.00). Mr. Maynard tells her life with great historical perception, narrative and artistic skill. COMMONWEAL readers will remember the amazing picture of the Queen's last days which Mr. Maynard published in our pages (August 30). A Scot whose services his country but recently lost tells with sincerity and considerable fire his life of loyalty to a rather limited code ("Pilgrim's Way," John Buchan, Houghton, $3.00). For those interested in a great French period and in a Cardinal who attempted a "new order" in Europe, there is an able book by a good historian ("Richelieu," Karl Burkhardt, Oxford, $3.75). And Spain, the nation eternally based on contradiction and contrast, sanctity and violence, provides in her great son Suarez the subject for a highly interesting study ("Man of Spain," Joseph Fichter, S.J., Macmillan, $2.50). More than forty distinguished converts of different kinds of life and different countries describe their own processes of becoming Catholics, many of them extremely well ("Through Hundred Gates," edited by Severin and Stephen Lamping, O.F.M., Bruce, $2.50).

These biographies of struggling and ever diverse men and women have a lasting attraction for almost all of us. There is one more category with which we close our list: the accounts of those men and women whose struggle has been to unite their will with that of God. The biographies of saints are the greatest stories of the greatest human endeavor. Each one will know which period and which saint will seem most close to his interest.

TWO LIVES OF SAINT CUTHBERT. Bertram Colgrave. Cambridge-Macmillan. $5.50. Translation of contemporary lives with notes. Nothing could be more simple and attractive than the episodes which make up the narratives.

THESE THREE HEARTS. Margaret Yeo. Bruce. $2.50. The Blessed Marguerite Marie Alacocque and the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS. Frances Parkinson Keyes. Messner. $2.00. Bernadette of Lourdes.

Bards. A survey of the year's output does not single out 1940 as a landmark in poetic progress; if poetry be emotion recollected in tranquility, the reason seems obvious enough. We have been burdened with emotion indeed this last twelve month, and we have been singularly free of tranquility in which to recollect it, or ourselves. Very gifty indeed is the "Oxford Book of Christian Verse," though it is a compilation that seems better suited for Protestants than Catholics. Not that it contains no Catholic poems, but that the emphasis is strange, and disproportionately on hymns thoroughly Protestant in feeling and of dubious literary value to those who look on them with the cold eye of unfamiliarity. Like all the Oxford books, this one is priced from $3.75 up, richer bindings and thinner paper making possible a lovely diversity of (higher) prices. "Mystical Poems of Nuptial Love" (Coventry Patmore, edited by T. L. Connolly, S.J., Bruce Humphries, $3.00) is a bit textbookish, but Patmore has his fans and they won't care; if you know one, here is grist for his mill. Lovers of Yeats will also be eager for "Last Poems" (Macmillan, $1.75). Finally for those who are not afraid of spending $40.00, there is the University of Chicago's text (edited by John M. Manly and Edith Rickert) of the Canterbury Tales.

NEW ZEALAND POEMS. Eileen Duggan. Macmillan. $1.25. From New Zealand a voice has filtered through to the world which has gained itself a devoted following and has made its impression on the world's ear. Like many rare things it is not big or bold, but it carries.

THE SPIRIT WATCHES. Ruth Pitter. Macmillan. $1.50. An English writer who has charmed critics with verbal felicity and originality coupled with the solid virtues of her craft.

COLLECTED POEMS. A. E. Housman. Holt. $3.00. Another volume for fans, which in this case generally means the adolescent. His ideas, of course, are of the world worldly, nihilistic, despairing—a mood not uncommon with the young, though desperately un-Christian.

REVOLT. John Bunker. Campion. $1.50. A poem for our times which has won admirers.

Politics and Other Headaches. It is significant of the times that more books in this rather elastic category appeared as candidates for the 1940 Christmas list than from any other group. Few of them have positive, practical solutions to recommend.

At Home:

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS NEW ENGLAND. Jonathan Daniels. Macmillan. $3.00. Greater wealth fails to convince a visitor of New England's superiority.

ENGINES OF DEMOCRACY. Roger Burlingame. Scribner. $3.75. The social implications for the country of American inventions from the late nineteenth century till today.

THE BOSS. Dayton McKean. Houghton. $3.00. Mayor Hague of Jersey City.

MEN ON THE MOVE. Nels Anderson. Chicago. $3.00. The plight of our migratory workers.

FOR GOD AND DEMOCRACY. James A. Magner. Macmillan. $1.50. The status of the Church in American life.

BOTTLENECKS OF BUSINESS. Thurman Arnold. Reynal. $2.50. The trusts and the citizen.

FROM MANY LANDS. Louis Adamic. Harper. $3.00. Sympathetic sketches in narrative form of the many races and peoples that go to make up contemporary America.

Our Foreign Policy:

CHART FOR ROUGH WATER. Waldo Frank. Doubleday. $1.75. Personalism of a sort for the current crisis.

WAVE OF THE FUTURE. Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt. $1.00. Eloquent posing on the question how best to meet the onslaught of revolution and totalitarianism.

OUR FUTURE IN ASIA. R. A. Smith. Viking. $3.00.

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE. Edited by William H. Haas. Chicago. $4.00. Mostly Pan-America; part of the Pacific too.

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The War:

I SAW FRANCE FALL. René de Chambrun. Morrow. $2.50. Fairly objective, somewhat superficial report by Laval's son-in-law.
TRAGEDY IN FRANCE. André Maurois. Harper. $2.00. The best book on the subject so far.
THE SEVEN MYSTERIES OF EUROPE. Jules Romains. Knopf. $2.50. Highly personal, often fascinating account of the fall of France.
HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR. John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt. $1.00.
GERMAN ECONOMY. Gustav Stalper. Reynal. $3.00. The state takes over.
THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION. Hermann Rauschning. Putnam. $2.75. If Hitler wins.
EUROPE AND THE GERMAN QUESTION. F. W. Foerster. S. & W. $3.50. How twentieth century Germany has been traveling along the wrong road.
THE FAILURE OF A MISSION. Sir Neville Henderson. Putnam. $3.00.
HITLER AND I. Otto Strasser. Houghton. $2.50. The head of the German opposition "Black Front."

Cooperatives:

A B C OF COOPERATIVES. Gerald Richardson. Longmans. $2.00. A primer for those who want action.
THE STORY OF TOMPKINSVILLE. Mary E. Arnold. Cooperative League. Bound $1.00. Paper 65 cents. Nova Scotia coal miners build fine homes in the country.
BELGIAN RURAL COOPERATIVES. Eva J. Ross. Bruce. $4.50.

Russia:

THE IMPERIAL SOVIETS. Henry C. Wolfe. Doubleday. $2.50.
THE DREAM WE LOST. Freda Utley. John Day. $3.75. The disillusion personal and statistical of an intelligent woman who lost a husband in Soviet Russia.
AUTHOR IN TRANSIT. Lancelot Hogben. Norton. $2.50. More disillusionment.

Philosophy, etc.:

THE POPE SPEAKS. Edited by Charles Rankin. Harcourt. $2.75. Pius XII's aspirations and program for peace together with a sketch of his life.
SCHOLASTICISM AND POLITICS. Jacques Maritain. Translated and edited by Mortimer J. Adler. Macmillan. $2.50. What the title implies: integral humanism.
LOVE IN THE WESTERN WORLD. Denis de Rougemont. Harcourt. $3 00. A way of explaining the love between modern man and woman that goes back to the troubadors and beyond.

History: Past. History has apparently been coming too quickly this year to permit many important popular books about its past to be published. Nevertheless, you will find several excellent compendiums on the shelves which weren't there last Christmas. Scribner has brought out five volumes (all but the index) of their interesting and useful project, the "Dictionary of American History" ($60.00 for the six volumes). W. L. Langer has edited for Houghton an "Encyclopedia of World History" ($5.50), a good new version of the venerable Ploetz "Epitome." Macmillan published in this country S. H. Steinberg's categorized "Historical Tables" ($3.50).

Herder of St. Louis has brought out Volumes XXX to XXXII of the latest English translation of Pastor's great "History of the Popes" ($5.00 per volume), covering the period between the beginning of the negotiations for the Peace of Westphalia and the eve of the War of the Spanish Succession: the age of Louis XIV. Helping to inaugurate Macmillan's new Christendom Series, Marshall W. Baldwin has written a clear and compact "Medieval Papacy in Action" ($1.00). Father J. J. Daly's "The Jesuits in Focus" (Bruce, $2.25) is a study of the exactly four hundred years of the Society of Jesus, and a fitting commemoration.

This month Macmillan publishes Volume II of the "Cambridge History of the British Empire" ($7.50). Scribner brought out James Truslow Adam's "Empire of the Seven Seas" ($3.50) earlier in the year. A third volume of another good work, "Italy in the Making," by G. F.-H. and J. Berkeley, was also published this year (Macmillan, $6.00). "Today and Destiny" (Knopf, $2.75) is an expertly abbreviated version of Spengler, organized by E. F. Dakin, and a brooding study for this particular era. "To the Finland Station" by Edmund Wilson (Harcourt, $4.00) is a study of socialist ideas and especially of socialist intellectuals up to the time of Lenin's return to revolutionary Russia, written with real literary merit, if without any sure philosophy of its own. A couple of good selections of still more popular historical writing of the year are Matthew Josephson's "President Makers" (Harcourt, $3.75), and Harold Lamb's sweeping "March of the Barbarians" (Doubleday, $4.00).

Romance and/or that Slice of Life. Although a considerable improvement over last year, 1940 was not particularly distinguished by the quality of the novels that first saw light. In this field, more than in others which are more technical, liking is to a large extent a question of taste. It is important to be well-acquainted with the fancies of the person to whom you give a novel.

Two of the novels of 1940 are unusually fine. Readers of THE COMMONWEAL have heard of Graham Greene before, but for warmth of characterization, economy of phrase, mastery of suspense, and philosophical depth, it is hard this year to match "The Labyrinthine Ways" (Viking, $2.50). This was published early last spring, but this stirring tale of martyrdom in Mexico is still a standout Christmas gift. The other novel does not appear until the day after this number's publication date, but we include it since it is so far superior to most other novels of the year. "Sapphira and the Slave Girl" by Willa Cather (Knopf, $2.50), a story of Virginia in the middle nineteenth century, is equal to anything she has done. Which, as modern American novels go, is saying a great deal. Here are a few 1940 novels considerably better than average:

Historical:

THE BELOVED RETURNS. Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.50. A sketch of Goethe in his old age based on the Mann theme of the great artist's rôle in society. Perhaps the most distinguished novel of this group.
LATE HARVEST. Olive B. White. Macmillan. $2.50. A story of English martyrs for the Faith that received considerable acclaim in the secular as well as the Catholic press last spring.
OLIVER WISWELL. Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday. $3.00. A fine story of the people who opposed the American Revolution to support what they considered the legally constituted government.

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SERGEANT LAMB'S AMERICA. Robert Graves. Random. $2.50. A capable account of America in Revolutionary times as viewed by an English non-com.

Contemporary, etc.:

JOURNEY INTO FEAR. Eric Ambler. Knopf. $2.00. An "entertainment" in the school of Graham Greene's international thriller, "Confidential Agent" of last year.

STAR OF SATAN. George Bernanos. Macmillan. $2.50. The most violent of Bernanos's novels now translated for American readers. Not for those allergic to the subject of diabolism.

THE FAMILY. Nina Fedorova. Little Brown. $2.50. Courage among the exiles in a Tientsin boarding house in 1937.

THE FIRE AND THE WOOD. R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar. $2.50. A novel of the nazis which has heights and depths.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. Richard Llewellyn. Macmillan. $2.75. Published last February and still selling well. Delightful nineteenth century reminiscences of Wales.

NO OTHER MAN. Alfred Noyes. Stokes. $2.50. A fantasy about survivors in a war-depopulated world which has strong spiritual overtones.

MRS. MINNIVER. Jan Struther. Harcourt. $2.00. Delicate sketches of middle class life in the England of 1939. The importance of the smaller things of civilized life.

THE HILL IS MINE. Maurice Walsh. Stokes. $2.50. The best escapist novel of the year. For those attracted by deep forests and young love.

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN. Franz Werfel. Viking. $2.50. Lesser Werfel about a twisted quest for salvation which reaches a fine climax in a moving audience with Pius XI.

Short Stories:

THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF FAMOUS BRITISH STORIES. Editod by Cerf and Moriarity. Random. $3.00. The best short book of the year is somewhat bulky.

DAGO RED. John Fante. Viking. $2.50. A book about Italian Americans that vacillates between love and hate of the Church.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES: 1940. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton. $2.75. Some of the best popular magazine stories of the day.

Books about Books. Van Wyck Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer" (Dutton, $3.75) proves that criticism (which is really social history) can command an audience of best seller size. The period with which it deals, the decline and fall off of New England as cultural center for America, has its fascination and its present cult, and the author is undoubtedly one of the masters of his subject. Two ably concocted histories of literature have appeared in the year, both rather special in their appeal as gifts, but most excellent for the right recipient. "Preface to World Literature" (Albert Guérard, Holt, $3.50) is somewhat an essay in gusto, with considerable profundity, easy to read and well-founded. George Sampson's "Concise Cambridge History of English Literature" (Cambridge—Macmillan, $4.50) is, as might be expected, a bit more on the scientifically historical side, but as good as such things can be. A Yeats item is "Letters on Poetry" (Oxford, $2.50) which contains some strong meat. Of course Mortimer Adler's "How to Read a Book" (S. & S., $2.50) has lost none of its excellence over the months and the kidding since it was published.

BOOKS ALIVE. Vincent Starrett. Random. $3.00. Gossipy anl anecdotal if not at all profound. Pleasant, easy writing.

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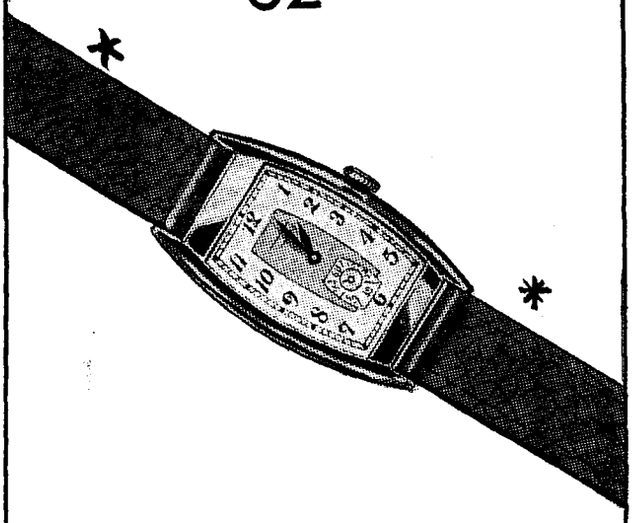

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Books for Christmas

THIRTY ACRES

By RINGUET

This excellent novel of a French Canadian family of today won the *Grand Prix du Roman* in 1939. "A contribution to North American culture at a time when many forces are at work to knit that culture more closely."—*New York Sun.* **$2.50**

LET THE EARTH SPEAK

By ANN STEWARD

A strangely fascinating novel by a new author. It is being hailed as having the quiet richness and wisdom found in the works of Mary Webb and Constance Holme. **$2.50**

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

By RICHARD LLEWELLYN

Not to have read this story is to have missed a great experience. "It is a book to restore one's faith in human life. The most magnificent novel of Wales yet written."—*New York Sun.* **$2.75**

HOW DEAR TO MY HEART

By MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

A book to revive deep memories. The author takes you back to her childhood home in Missouri and from her own fund of fond memories portrays the Old Home Place, and folks. **$2.00**

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

By RACHEL FIELD

Designed to fill the place on your list where a card just won't quite do. A new and charming variation of the age-old Christmas story, illustrated by the author. **50 cents**

All Bookstores

MACMILLAN, 60 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

PAGEANT OF LETTERS. Alfred Noyes. S. & W. $2.50. Companionable essays on 18 literary subjects.

THE LIVING CHAUCER. Percy V. D. Shelly. Pennsylvania. $3.00. A good guide and introduction to a poet whose appeal is limitless even though getting at him may require a little preliminary work on the reader's part.

WORD HOARD. Margaret Williams. S. & W. $4.00. Mother Williams has done well the incredibly difficult job of turning into our own vernacular the literary purple passages of our Old English (Anglo-Saxon to you) ancestors, linking her excerpts together with an apparatus that helps to give an idea of the works in their totality. Almost exciting and altogether painless way of acquainting yourself with something with which you owe it to yourself to be acquainted.

JOYCE KILMER—Poems, Essays, Letters. Doubleday. $3.50. The *opera omnia* for those who want to have it all between two covers.

Places and How to Get There. When most people are in places that seem acutely unhappy, the publishers provide them with many descriptions of journeying away and of the places they can get to to change their problems. The most distinguished travel book of the season is Rudyard Kipling's "Brazilian Sketches" (Doubleday, $2.00). Although copyrighted before his death, this short book of beautifully written impressions, introduced by poems, of the more southerly sections of Brazil has never before been published in America. Kipling was a sophisticated literary gentleman with a most highly developed style when he went to Brazil about a decade ago. Suydam Cutting's "The Fire Ox and Other Years" with that fascinating title is a kind of super travel book by a super traveler. Illustrated with many fine photographs, this is an informal description of many expeditions taken by the author for scientific organizations. It is best in the high mountains of Asia (Scribner, $5.00).

The "American Guide Series," of the Federal Writers' Project, published by many firms, is gradually becoming a complete description of the states of the Union and of our territories. They are excellent. Farrar and Rinehart has issued several more titles of its combined historical and descriptive series on the "American Rivers." "Hawkeyes" (Dodd, $3.00) is a good "biography" of the State of Iowa by Phil Stong. "Nuestro Pueblo" by Joseph Seewerker (Houghton, $2.50), is a good description of Los Angeles. "Home Town" by Sherwood Anderson (Alliance, $2.50), is particularly good.

Europe is no place to escape to this year, and there were few books of travel and description of the region that would not be better classed as war works. Gertrude Stein wrote "Paris France" (Scribner, $1.75); Sean O'Faolain wrote "Irish Journey" (Longmans, $3.50); Francis Hackett wrote "I Chose Denmark" (Doubleday, $2.00). The Pacific Ocean is represented by Van Loon and by "The Pacific Ocean" by Felix Reisenberg (Whittlesey, $3.00)—a good study focused closely on the history of the waters and its voyagers. André Siegfried has "Suez and Panama" (Harcourt, $3.00).

Appropriately, the publishers have gone all out on Latin America. Among many productions are: "Venezuela" by Henry Allen (Doubleday, $3.50); "Mexican Frieze" by Addison Burbank (Coward, $3.00); "Concerning Latin American Culture" edited by Charles C. Griffin (Co-

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lumbia, $2.00); "Seven Keys to Brazil" by Vera Kelsey (Funk & Wagnals, $3.00); "Roundabout South America" by Anne Merriman Peck (Harper, $3.00); "The Caribbean" by W. A. Roberts (Bobbs Merril, $3.50).

Thought and Worship. Don't forget the Sheed & Ward "Catholic Masterpieces" reprint series at $.50 and $1.00. "Men at Work at Worship," by Gerald Ellard, S. J. (Longmans, $2.50) is "the best documented history of the liturgical movement in America" which had come to the notice of our reviewer. "A Companion to the Summa, III," by Walter Farrell, O. P. (S. & W., $3.50) carries on the writer's most useful work of presenting with charm and wit "the 'Summa' itself reduced to popular language." "Catholicism and the Progress of Science" by William Agar (Macmillan, Christendom Series, $1.00) is an excellent summary by a scientist who has thought of the meaning of science. Mortimer J. Adler, the clear and controversial writer, presents "Problems for Thomists: the Problem of Species" (S. & W., $3.50). "The Steps of Humility," by Bernard of Clairvaux, tranlation, etc., by George Bosworth Burch (Harvard, $3.00) is a valuable addition to the study of medieval philosophy and a scholarly rendering of one of Saint Bernard's important works. Sheed & Ward has published "The Mystical Theology of St. Bernard" ($3.50) by the excellent writer and eminent historian of philosophy, Etienne Gilson. Yves Simon's "Nature and Function of Authority" (Marquette University, $1.50) deals ably and in short space with a central problem. Rudolf Aller's "The Successful Error" (S. & W., $2.00) goes ably in and through the Freud business. For short and literate presentations (principally by selection) of the great philosophers of history by famous contemporary thinkers, Longmans has added a number of titles to their "Living Thoughts Library" ($1.00 each). As monumental a work as any is the first volume of de la Taille's "The Mystery of the Faith" (S. & W., $3.50), translated from the original Latin. This volume deals with "Sacrifice" and the Mass.

Miscellaneous:

BET IT'S A BOY. Betty B. Blount. Stephen Daye Press. $1.00. No words, but pictures which young couples will enjoy.

SPORT FOR THE FUN OF IT. John R. Tunis. Barnes. $2.50. How to play almost any sport and how to prepare for it.

OUR TREMBLING EARTH. Joseph Lynch. S. J. Dodd. $3.00. Earthquakes and why.

THEATRE FOR TOMORROW. Edited by Emmet Lavery. Longmans. $3.00.

FABLES OF OUR TIME. James Thurber. Harper. $2.50. Pictures and stories of seals in the bedroom for those who find such ideas amusing.

YOUR LATIN LANGUAGE. Mary Perkins. S. & W. $2.00. The universal language of the Missal made easy.

ELEMENTS OF LETTERING. Benson and Carey. John Stevens, Newport, R. I. $3.00. Technical information made attractive.

THE FLYING PRIEST OVER THE ARCTIC. Paul Schulte, O. M. I. Harpers. $2.75. Pictures and narratives of the Flying Priest, his co-missionaries and their exciting work in the frozen North.

Books for Christmas

THE WORD OF GOD
Translated by Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman
Here is an outstanding selection of short meditations for every Sunday in the year. These explanations of the Holy Gospel are distinguished by their deep spiritual insight and their helpfulness. Splendid for personal reading and a perfect gift for priest and layman. $1.00

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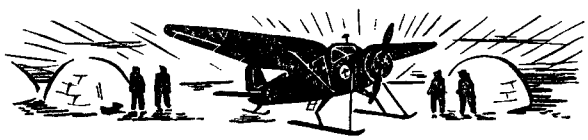

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

MAURICE SAMUEL'S book ("The Great Hatred"; New York, Knopf, $2.00) is most heartily recommended to all those readers who know it to be nothing short of an urgent duty to try to understand the vitally important nature of the antisemitic factor of the world revolution, in which our own nation is inescapably involved, though as yet not to the same extent as the peoples of other parts of the world. A Jew born in Roumania, educated at the University of Manchester, England, he came here in 1914, wandered through the Middle West, more or less a hobo, then worked with his hands in a tire factory. War service in the American army for two years apparently opened the way for white-collar employment as an interpreter at the 1919 Peace Conference, and later with the Reparations Commission in Berlin and Vienna. Subsequently, he devoted himself to writing, studying, travel and lecturing. Ten published works bear his name as author; as translator he is responsible for English versions of works by Sholem Asch, the Yiddish novelist, a genius among imaginative writers, of Kayserling, the German philosopher, and of I. J. Singer, the historian of the Jews. The "blurbs" given on the paper jackets of the books of the Knopf firm are highly distinguished among American publishers for the serious information about, and the condensed yet lucidly intelligent appraisal of, the qualities of their authors. So on the jacket of this book we are told that its author has been occupied with the Jewish problem for twenty-five years; "He has observed it first-hand in practically every Jewish community of Europe, Africa and America, as well as in Palestine where he spent the better part of ten years." 'The Great Hatred' is the summation of his long study of this confusing and highly important subject." What the publishers also might have said of the author quite justly, but have left it to qualified readers to recognize for themselves, is the happy fact that he presents this potent distillation of a quarter of a century of acute observation, profound study and highly competent intellectual and spiritual gifts in an English style of rare clarity and exceptional force.

In short Maurice Samuel is precisely the sort of Jewish intellectual of international experience and highly varied gifts whom it has been one of the main jobs of the nazis to single out for for special vituperation when not available for Storm Troop extermination, or concentration camp torture and gradual extinguishment, as being perhaps above all other Jews in the world (except, of course, for their hidden masters, the Elders of Zion, the occult chieftains of the Jewish world plot to achieve world mastery for the Jews) as the most dangerous agents of the Jewish war upon all lesser breeds without the law of Zion. For those not yet converted to the nazi creed as it concerns the Jews, Maurice Samuel will simply appear as one more of the numerous remarkable examples of the

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possession and employment of exceptional faculties and powers of mind and will and spirit by Jews whose own personal abilities, exercised against terrific obstacles, have made them highly successful publicists, artists, teachers and moulders of public opinion in all lands where they have been left free to cooperate or to compete with men and women of other origins in the domain of public affairs and intellectual interests. The testimony given by such a man as to what he conceives to be the inner, deepest, most fundamental nature and meaning of antisemitism will in every respect corroborate and emphasize the theory of the Jews preached and put into practice by the nazis and by those who, not being formally nazis in all respects, nevertheless agree with the nazis, fully or partially, about the Jews. But those to whom the nazis' principles and the nazi practice of their principles, in all main roots and innumerable branches, are abhorrent and who have been obliged by the frightful happenings of the nazi revolution to recognize that antisemitism is not a mere accident but part of the innermost substance of the nazi and its allied movements, will find in Maurice Samuel's books not merely a credible explanation of the innate evil of nazi antisemitism, but also a vivid warning against permitting an American variety of the same evil, already spreading amongst us, to grow unchecked.

In other words, since the main point of this book is that antisemitism today, organized in world-wide fashion by the nazis, is not only one of the chief weapons of the nazi assault on democratic civilization but is also the most evidently perilous proof of the organized world-attack on Christianity and the free institutions produced by Christian culture, readers who reject the book's thesis are probably already infected with antisemitism, either mildly or virulently, while those who accept its substantial truth, wholly or in part, are spiritually attuned to the main principles of Christian and Jewish civilization.

I do not mean that sympathetic readers will or can go all the way in their acceptance of Mr. Samuel's thesis, and still less should I expect to find complete agreement with some of his supporting arguments. For example, in my own opinion, which if space permitted I might strongly support with a great deal of historical and contemporary documentation, I think Mr. Samuel's view of the *uniqueness* of the sort of universal "diabolism" attributed to the Jews, and appealing so strongly to superstitious or credulous minds open to emotional types of mythology, is mistaken. One has only to read so reliable a book as M. V. Hay's "A Chain of Error in Scottish History," and other works and studies, to realize that during several centuries Catholicism and all its works, and therefore Catholics as a class, were condemned and actively persecuted in Great Britain on the ground that this form of religion and its devotees issued from diabolical influences, the Church being dubbed the organized weapon of Anti-Christ, and Popes, Bishops and Priests considered to be engaged in a diabolical conspiracy against the rest of mankind—very much as the Jews are now accused by their enemies. In the Ku Klux Klan hysteria, the same sort of propaganda against Catholicism as was propagated in Great Britain after the success of the Reformation, and

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EMBEZZLED HEAVEN
The Viking Press
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exported to America with the first English and Scottish settlers, reappeared actively. However while Mr. Samuel, in his quite understandable preoccupation with the sorrows and afflications of the Jews, fails to recognize that what they are suffering from—this Great Hatred which is indeed a peril to others than the prime victims—has also been, and still is, directed against Catholics, I believe that he is essentially sound in his opinion that anti-semitism threatens Christianity as much at least as it threatens the religion, the culture, the philosophy and the persons of his fellow Jews. That is doubtless one reason why it has been condemned by the Holy See. That is why it is a woeful thing when Catholics become infected by it. That is why Catholics should stand with Jews, in this battle of Armageddon, and fight that evil thing.

Communications

NEUTRALITY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have no quarrel with "the Editors" of THE COMMONWEAL for their attack on my recent article "Can We Justify Neutrality?" since it represents a point of view quite at variance with that of at least two of them. However, I do dispute many of the statements which they make about my views.

I disagree, for instance, much as I dislike to, with their claim that my argument represents "an extremely able selection, juxtaposition and interpretation of texts from various authorities." It is simply a straightforward presentation of a view which is widely held, namely that we have a duty to a neighbor who is wantonly attacked. The editors may disagree but that does not brand the other side as a labored argument. I do not see, either, what justification they have for the statement that I object to "Christian pacifism as a counsel of perfection for individuals." I merely pointed out that, when refusal to fight involves permitting one's neighbor to be murderously attacked, it is not easy to justify. If it is a simple case of deciding whether or not to defend one's self it is another matter.

The paragraph in my article following the statement of the exception to Saint Ambrose's rule of intervention deals directly with the last phrase of that statement. Yet, they say that I do not take it up. Obviously, I did not discuss it as they would, because I do not believe the evils that would befall the peoples of Europe, or ourselves, would be greater if we entered the war. I think, most decidedly, that any steps which we take to beat Hitler quickly will advance the day of salvation for Europe. It is up to "the Editors" to prove that those evils will increase when we join forces with England.

They are going beyond the point when they say that my argument, if carried to its logical conclusion, means that we should always fight every aggressor the world over and even the Chinese for their paganism. Bishop Lucey recently pointed out that a declared policy of neutrality as between an aggressor and the peoples trampled down was a sign of these disordered times. If I understand him correctly, he did not say that we had to

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go to war but that we should help bring about a world in which sanctions would automatically be applied and upheld. The matter of the Chinese and the "fiery Moslems" is a not very adroitly concealed red herring.

I would like to know just what positive actions between appeasement and armed intervention they propose. If England should lose, what then? What steps are we to take when Hitler, as he promised, directs his attention to the Western Hemisphere? I am convinced that the mode of life built up these many years on both sides of the Atlantic is about to be snuffed out. Therefore, I question whether we have the right to remain neutral and indicated that people must sometimes perform unpleasant duties. That appears to me to be specific.

"The Editors" ask whether my article is a plea that American Catholics agree to whatever the British desire of us at every stage of the conflict. It is not. It is a plea, however, that we do immediately whatever is necessary in order to save the United States, and England, and Ireland, and Belgium and the other formerly free peoples at every stage of the conflict. I do not think that means an actual declaration of war, for things are not done that way now, but it means full speed ahead on a war basis with the short-of-war-slogan discarded. It means to follow the right regardless of consequences.

"The Editors" state that my chief error is my "fundamental assumption that Americans must choose between washing their hands of the whole thing and actually going to war." I do not know what I have said or written which justifies that statement. My fundamental assumption is quite different. It is that we must choose quickly between more adequate acts of war—which choice, I believe will give us a chance to win—and continued muddling along with half hearted help as we are now doing. That is why I called our present neutrality fictitious.

I feel that "The Editors" are sincere in their own belief and I expected them to point out where they differ from mine. I did not expect them to read into my article things which I cannot find there. They are now avowedly engaged in exploring the means of saving civilization without going to war. I honestly wish them luck. But I think the rest of us have a hard task before us if we want to make certain that there will still be a civilization, however poor, when they get ready to save it.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Further discussion on this subject will be published next week.]

THE LEPERS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: During these days preceding the joyous Christmas season we beg the readers of THE COMMONWEAL to enroll under the White Cross of Christ by contributing to the Lepers' Christmas Fund sponsored by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Men and women, many of them from this country, have left their homes and all that one holds dear to dedicate themselves to the service of the lepers. They willingly endure the fatigue, the overwhelming nausea and stench, the endless bandaging and dressings necessary

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KATHARINE TEKAKWITHA

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The Stage & Screen

Twelfth Night

IF "TWELFTH NIGHT" has ever received a New York production in which the acting level was higher or the staging more vital, it has not been in the memory of my generation. There are many to thank for this, the real opening of the season of 1940-41. There are the Theatre Guild and Gilbert Miller for sponsoring it, Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner for supervising it, Stewart Chaney for designing the settings and costumes, Margaret Webster for directing it, and the magnificent cast for playing it. "Twelfth Night" is a play that needs to be produced with vivacity, yet with poetry; with humor, yet with romance. This Miss Webster has accomplished, and in accomplishing it clinches her position as our most vital and original Shakespearean director. But Miss Webster had magnificent material to work with. Let me speak first of Maurice Evans.

In Malvolio Mr. Evans reaches the peak of his accomplishment in the most subtle, most beautifully articulated performance of the part I have ever seen. His Malvolio is a Cockney, a head butler raised to sublimation; not a figure of farce, but one of high comedy. E. H. Sothern made Malvolio an aristocrat in decadence, Evans makes him a butler in ascendent. In face, in walk, in gesture, in the gradations of his voice he is superb; to hear him utter the one word "Run?" in reply to Olivia's injunction is to hear him project his whole character in that single monosyllable. Mr. Evans's Malvolio is the Prince of Snobs, delightful, pathetic, unforgettable. Miss Helen Hayes's Viola is exquisitely human and humorous. In her scenes with Olivia and especially in her duelling with Sir Andrew, she is inimitable, and throughout is captivating and utterly sincere. What she lacks is in the poetic reading of her lines, and in romance. Hers is not an aristocratic Viola, but it is within its own conception an exquisitely thought out and executed figure. If she doesn't make one forget Jane Cowl or Julia Marlowe, she makes you remember Helen Hayes. The Olivia of Sophie Stewart is the best I have seen, a lady who combines charm and humor with the grand manner, and who knows how to speak her lines exquisitely. Wesley Addy fails to make Orsino effective because he tries to make him sensible. Orsino's lines are music, and nothing else, and they must be read as such. Mr. Addy attempts to make them express ideas, and succeeds only in making the character and the lines alike flat. Donald Burr is superb as Feste, both in his singing and his acting. His is the way a Shakespearean clown should be played and rarely is. June Walker is perfectly cast as Maria, acting with sprightliness and charm. It is a pity that Mark Smith's Sir Toby Belch shouldn't have been funnier, and the same applied to a lesser degree to Wallace Acton's Sir Andrew Aguecheek. A word of commendation too should be given to Ellis Irving for his Sebastian. In short with "Twelfth Night" the theatrical season at last bursts into life. (*At the St. James Theatre.*) GRENVILLE VERNON.

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is going to forgive you." Unfortunately this adult picture is marred with a too-pat, too-melodramatic ending.

Ben Hecht can turn out a moving story, too; but in "Angels Over Broadway," produced and directed by the author, he lets us down with an overdose of brilliance. Even its good cast can't make the film's clever lines and theatrical story ring true; and the direction, like the dialogue, sparkles—with rhinestones. Each turn of the kaleidoscope changes the groupings and patterns to make another glittering scene. In a bitter and softie-hard New York, Thomas Mitchell, a busted playwright, "an epitaph on a ashcan" with several flops, tries to write a happy ending for three wanderers he meets in a night club: Rita Hayworth, a lonely, pretty dancer looking for work; John Qualen, a jilted clerk, planning suicide; and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a cheap con man, seeing the world as a dice game, about to turn Qualen over to card sharks who will fleece him. Qualen goes to the gamblers' den, sits down to poker with thugs—and the result is one of the most exciting scenes ever made in cinema. Long after you have forgotten the film, you will remember that one exciting episode.

Marlene Dietrich is her old unbelievable self again in a film that is as false as the Dietrich eyebrows. In feathers, flowers, sailor's uniform, negligée; with her long eyelashes getting caught in her veil, with her prize legs in view in every shot, with glycerine tears welling out of her big eyes; torridly singing in deep gutturals "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby"—in fact Dietrich in "Seven Sinners" is doing a burlesque of Dietrich, and she does it to perfection. The title of this phony, South Seas story, which is not a story but a series of *tableaux* arranged for Marlene's amazing repertory, does not refer to the men involved: John Wayne, Broderick Crawford, Mischa Auer, Albert Dekker, Oscar Homolka, Billy Gilbert or the whole navy, who seem to be on Marlene's list, but to the bar in which takes place a new high in slug fests, almost a burlesque on brawls.

Typically American radio products like Kay Kyser, his band and "College of Musical Knowledge" can be seen in *"You'll Find Out."* Kay and his music are this time labored with a mystery story in which Horror Boys Peter Lorre, Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff try to scare the wits out of the audience. They mildly succeed, but a new song "The Bad Humor Man" will probably sweep the country.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Two Candidates

Katharine Tekakwitha. Fordham University Press. $7.50.

THE Fordham University Press can well be proud of the job it has done in presenting to English readers a full translation of "the *Positio* of the historical section of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the introduction of the cause for beatification and canonization and on the virtues of the servant of God, Katharine Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks." To see such a valuable collection of documents so beautifully presented in connection with the cause of one prospective "saint" serves to whet

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one's appetite for other publications of the same sort. Surely it would be useful and would offer fascinating reading if similar collections could be made available as the causes of other saintly persons are presented to the Congregation of Rites. For such documentary material more than takes the place of a thousand pious tracts.

Here we are confronted with reality and not with second hand interpretations. Here are the things that contempories said and felt about one whom they knew and saw in the flesh, and that is a very different thing from meditations by the living on a person long dead. The book contains twenty-one documents, most of them by eye witnesses. The major documents are the lives written in the seventeenth century by Fathers Chauchetière and Cholnec. In addition there are a number of letters and several later documents to prove the strength and extent of Katharine's *cultus*. Of course, as in any collection of historic sources about a single subject, there is much repetition, yet even in this repetition one has a feeling that one is touching reality, and that feeling eliminates the tedium of reading the same thing in several different versions.

Katharine Tekakwitha was a Mohawk girl born in 1656, not far from Albany, New York. Her mother had been converted to Christianity, but the troubled times fated her to live among pagans until she died. Katharine's own contact with the missionaries began in 1675 when she was almost 20. She died in 1680, only four years after her baptism. During these four brief years she made a progress in sanctity which seems very nearly incredible and which could not be credited if it were not vouched for by such reliable witnesses. For not only did she learn the essentials of the Christian religion and practice that minimum with which so many Catholics must be content, but she received gifts of grace quite beyond the ordinary. Thus we read, "again and again she submitted her whole spiritual life to the direction of her confessor, and whether he denied or accorded a request, she obeyed to the letter. She also submitted her austere penances to her spiritual director, with humble conformity of will; and if he sometimes ordered her to abstain from penances which she very much desired to practice or the practice of which she had already begun, she straightway manifested a loyal obedience."

One might be reading the life of a European mystic; it is with some sense of shock that one realizes that Katharine was a pure Redskin. No wonder the French colonists found her "contrary to the opinion commonly entertained of the Indians!" It would be impossible to recite all the penances she imposed upon herself, to describe her life in the missionary Christian community on the St. Lawrence River to which she withdrew shortly after her baptism because of the hostility of her own people. Such things are best read in the documents. Here is Father Chauchetière's charming, if slightly naïve, description of this girl before she became a Christian: "She was still a small tree without flowers or fruit, but the small wild olive-tree was growing so well that one day it would bear beautiful fruit. She was a heaven, covered by the darkness of paganism, but a heaven indeed, because she was very far removed from the corruption of the savages. She was gentle, patient, chaste, innocent, and behaved like a well-bred French child."

It would be ungracious not to congratulate the Fordham Press once again on presenting us with this book and on printing it in a manner befitting its importance.

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Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin. Peter Henry Lemcke. Longmans. $2.50.

THIS at times charming, at times inspiring, biography was written 80 years ago; its translation by the Reverend Joseph C. Plumpe today is intended as an aid to future biographers of the great "Apostle of the Alleghanies." Father Plumpe's translation is as faithful to the original German as he can make it. This is a book with an inimitable flavor all its own.

In a sense it is the life story of three personages. Princess Amalia von Gallitzin, the missionary's mother, who lived in Munster, is a fascinating study in herself, and from the time that she withdrew with her children "from the endless circle of entertainments, receptions, theatricals, dances and frivolities" her character underwent a tremendous transformation. Again "to make plain to the world how seriously she was resolved to shun it entirely, a door-plate was hung out with the device: *Nithuis* (not at home)."

Father Gallitzin himself started out as a very timid child, a trait that was the despair of his energetic mother. But he came to be a dauntless missionary, willing to face the hardships of the wilderness, the enmity of his flock, paralyzing debt, and all the other obstacles in his path. He became a pioneer anxious to found new American communities of Catholic families where Catholic life would flourish. In his later years he traveled through his missions on a sledge all year round, although winter in the Alleghanies of Western Pennsylvania is a matter of four months at the most. He had the gift of tears and even in old age insisted on the hardest bed, the most meagre fare.

The third personage this book reveals is the author, Father Lemcke, who worked with and succeeded his subject as a missionary in Western Pennsylvania in the early days, and who also had come to the Church through conversion. He had become first a secular priest, then a Benedictine. His occasionally testy comments on the fads, the education, politics and fashions of America 100 years ago are delightful. Judging from the interesting translator's preface which tells of the author's life, his noble career was very similar to that of his predecessor, Prince Gallitzin.

All in all this biography is a fascinating compound of impressions of pioneer conditions in America, of observations on life, of lofty spirituality. In its own unique fashion it presents a convincing picture of a great man to whom the Church in the United States owes an incalculable debt. EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

BIOGRAPHY

A Victorian Rebel, the Life of William Morris. Lloyd Wendell Eshleman. Scribner. $3.50.

LATE IN the last century the names of Carlyle, Ruskin, William Morris were sacred to Jane Addams and Ellen Starr. Founders of the settlement movement and their first associates made for themselves a kind of philosophic synthesis of art, ethics and politics, a religion of helpfulness whose fundamental dogma was *unorthodoxy*. These were their prophets and leaders in gentle unselfish rebellion against Victorian sham and hypocrisy; against whatever was wrong in factories and modern society, for work or workers. Some of these Victorians took themselves very seriously; some took with amusement those who took themselves too seriously. Gilbert and Sullivan satirized Victorian esthetics and the whole

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Pre-Raphaelite movement, of which Morris was a part, in their merry operetta "Patience," now but seldom heard.

Mr. Eshleman has shown us William Morris in his historical and social setting. We are taken into his various homes and workshops. We, too, are Sunday morning callers at the Burne-Jones's, or listen to Morris preaching his creedless spirituality of brotherly love and fair play from a cinder pile, to not altogether appreciative audi- from a cinder pile to not altogether appreciative audi- Morris as poet, teacher, socialist prophet of a new civilization. But we sense a curious anomaly that Morris seems to have missed. He had an abiding faith in the ability of ordinary mortals to live in unfettered peace and harmony with each other. And yet, out of his own experience in the refined and cultured English socialism, of which he was perhaps co-founder, there came discussions, schisms, political scheming, and other very ancient and very modern manifestations of free will and original sin.

Artists think of William Morris as a craftsman who conferred distinction upon the designing of objects of utility. They think of the manufacturer of beautiful things in lovely environment; of all-over patterns of wall paper, of tapestries woven on Morris looms, of books printed by his Kelmscott press.

The life of William Morris was itself a beautiful all-over pattern, colorful, but not too much so. One cannot help wondering whether other Victorians, John Henry Newman, and much later, Ellen Starr, were not more effective and more comforted in gentle rebellion; more inspired by the grace of God. If only the grace of God had worked a little harder in William Morris, what a saint, what a glorious Victorian Rebel he had been! Mr. Eshleman has given us a charming and scholarly biography of a significant but largely forgotten man.

JOHANNA DONIAT.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Invasion. Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Harcourt. $2.00.

UNDER the title of the book on the title page itself we read: "Being the personal recollections of what happened to our own family and to some of our friends during the first forty-eight hours of that terrible incident in our history which is now known as the Great Invasion and how we escaped with our lives and the strange adventures which befell us before the nazis were driven from our territories. Written down at the time and now for the first time presented to the public at large."

This book is presumably a manuscript found in 1960 containing an eye-witness account of the nazi invasion of America in 1940.

What it does is to take the facts of the invasion of Norway and Holland and describe them in terms of the geography of Vermont. It is a realistic description of what would happen. It lays the ground work for the actual description of the invasion by describing the "pleasant little Dream Heaven" in which we exist today. It describes fully all the answers to the usual methods of trying to make America today realize the problem it faces.

For example, we read on page 41,

> It sometimes seemed to me that there had been some truth in that foolish yarn about Hitler's mysterious new gas which deprived people of their will-power, lamed their brains and prevented them from acting.

Mr. Van Loon describes rather realistically the first effort of the nazi representatives to "get him" in his home in Greenwich, Conn. The book describes his effort to go

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to a country home in Vermont. He stops at a newspaper office whose editor he knows, and in that way gets all the information available about the situation as it is, proceeds on to Vermont, organizes the community over the rural telephone, gets his volunteers, then describes the first group of nazis to arrive, a very elaborate parachute effort, and the extraordinary response of the Vermont farmers in resisting the parachutists and completely routing them. In postscript to the book the author says:

> The facts in this book are fictitious, in the sense that nothing recorded here actually happened in any of the places mentioned. But in a much more vital sense, the facts in this book are not fictitious. They are the revaluation against an American background of what happened in those neutral European countries which were suddenly attacked and overrun by the nazis. I have asked my own friends for permission to let me use them as the actors in this little melodrama. Substitute the names of my Norwegian and Dutch friends for those found in this volume, and you have the story of those unfortunate lands during the days of their own invasion.

And he points out further here, for the information of local nazi sympathtizers who might call this book "warmongering" and "sowing the seeds of hate," that for every act in the book he has an exact counterpart. The material was selected from actual sources, from private letters and from verbal accounts of people who escaped as miraculously "as my son and I were able to escape in the first chapter of this book." The explanation of the book is contained in this paragraph:

> America, sometime very soon, will have to decide what course it intends to follow. Hence this little book.

For that purpose the book should be helpful by bringing into terms of our local geography the terrible things that have happened in Europe. If it helps in any way to make us realize more concretely what would happen to us if invasion should come, the book will have achieved its purpose.

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK.

CRITICISM

Books Alive. Vincent Starrett. Random. $3.00.

MR. STARRETT has, apparently, written without any serious intent: he succeeds admirably in giving us an entertaining book. It is a volume of literary gossip, a book not for students or bibliographers, but for those literary ladies—and gentlemen—who appreciate a fund of anecdote and chatty comment. The anecdotes are not, by any means, new; in fact, their familiarity is the chief charm of some: known *trivia* have a power of solacing by again distracting, which, especially today, many a reader will find welcome.

The author covers a nice variety of points in literary history; we learn something of those who wrote in (or having been in) jail, including Villon, Cleveland, Wilde, Defoe and Voltaire in France and England, and O. Henry in the United States; another chapter, devoted to books without ends, takes up the question of those incomplete stories like Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood," and fragments of Stevenson, which have tantalized readers left unceremoniously holding the tangled strands of master tapestries whose final pattern is yet obscure. As we should expect from the historian of "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes," Mr. Starrett writes at some length, and well, of novels of mystery and detection, a popular modern form; but although he several times mentions the name of Montague Rhodes James in other connections

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he gives no attention to that fascinating department of letters—the ghost story—in which the late Provost of Eton was so finished a master; Mr. Starrett's only ghosts are consolers rather than terrifiers: they write for others, and astonish no one in a day which has grown accustomed to a form of literary collaboration which our author demonstrates to have a long history.

From a thoughtful viewpoint, the last chapter, "High Spots, and Other Mysteries," one which expresses the case for collecting the sort of books which the individual collector really likes to have about him, rather than that slavish following of the fashion of the moment which characterizes too many gatherers of "rarities," is perhaps the best, as it is the wisest, part of Mr. Starrett's book.

In criticism, it must be noted that, again and again, the author displays his philosophy to be that of the nineteenth century liberal Protestant, one which does not help him to understand Catholic life and thought. But there are few occasions for reference to either, and unfamiliarity rather than malice is their chief note.

The format of the book is very attractive, and it ought solve the gift problem of those who would like to give a book to someone of whose reading habit and taste they are in doubt.

ALASTAIR GUINAN.

Image of Life. John O. Beaty. Nelson. $2.00.

THIS IS a very fine book. There is more sound common sense about literature and criticism between its covers than I have been privileged to come upon in many a day. There is cold comfort in it for the arty, for the precious; cold comfort also for the professor with his notebook, his dehydrating method and his footnotes, like little dogs barking at the text. Mr. Beaty talks to his readers; his discussion of the great fundamental truths of the literary art, its verity, its reality and dignity, is the conversation of an educated, Christian gentleman.

There is a striking similarity between the point of view set forth in the nine corelated essays which make up "Image of Life" and the point of view voiced by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks in a recent address delivered in New York City. Both Mr. Beaty and Mr. Brooks are agreed upon two points, though their intellectual and emotional approaches to their conclusions follow different paths; they maintain that the reign of "inverted prudery" in American letters is over and that American thinking must reorient itself towards the ideal.

"Image of Life" is a deceptive book. Foolish people will think it superficial because it insists upon and illuminates what should be obvious. Yet our very resentment at its insistence is very like a drunken man's resentment of the police; he objects to the interference of law and order with his whims, just as the unbuttoned school of contemporary writers resents the rule of logic, order and taste. This book hits heads, some of them reverend heads, and hits them hard, yet never without good reason. It is rare and refreshing, in these days, to find a critic such as this, who doesn't seem to be worried that someone might shake gory locks at him and cry "Illiberal."

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

HISTORY

French Pioneers in the West Indies, 1624-1664. *Nellis M. Crouse. Columbia.* $3.50.

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would hold our interest. The author has known how to make the best of a record wherein endless raids by savages alternate with endless quarrels among white men. The colonisation of the West Indies did not differ from most other colonisation: hair raising cruelties and undaunted courage went hand in hand. But Mr. Crouse has not forgotten the comic side which creeps into the tragedy. It is a relief for which the reader is thankful.

There is much to ponder in the account which, as the author tells us, is largely based on Father Du Tertre's book. Father Du Tertre, says Mr. Crouse, "lived there long enough to become acquainted with local conditions and to know personally the principal actors in the drama." The picture that he gives us is a strangely familiar one: the industry, the initiative, the perseverance of the French colonists, their fight against tremendous odds of which not the least were the apathy of the French merchants at home and the indolent, sporadic interest of French rulers. As a result, authority in the islands rested with the strong man, the man who could promptly decide on a course to take and abide by it, no matter the cost, either in human lives or in ethics. There were exceptions, of course, as in the case of Du Parquet, who managed to govern firmly and with equanimity. But the fact remained that for a governor to be an envoy of the King weighed little in the minds of most colonists if he could not hold his own.

Failing effective support from home, the West Indies were continuously on the verge of anarchy. They were saved only by the priests—Capuchins, Dominicans and Jesuits—who tower above the confusion, the scandals and the general wretchedness. The Dominicans especially seem to have kept the colonies together by an uncompromising adherence to the moral law. They rebuked the governors, snatched away innocents condemned to death, shamed the mob for its cruelty, and relentlessly insisted, by word and deed and to the peril of their own lives, on justice, order and mercy. The brave, serious and spiritual France which they reprsented won. Mr. Crouse's work make us feel that France has truly earned her islands—if not France, at least the French people.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

BRIEFERS

The Monastic Order in England. Dom David Knowles. Cambridge-Macmillan. $9.50.

DOM DAVID KNOWLES is one of the most learned historians among English Benedictines. This volume treats of the history of the various orders of monks in England between 943 and 1216. It is a work of heroic magnitude and gives in great and fascinating detail every conceivable sort of information about English monasticism. It both clarifies the nature of medieval English monastic life and gives in detail the criticisms it aroused. An invaluable book in a special field.

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Roger Fry. Virginia Woolf. Harcourt Brace. $3.50.

VIRGINIA WOOLF has tamed her fancy but not lessened the delight of her cadenced style in this quiet but lively biography of her late friend Roger Fry, called the most influential British art critic since Ruskin, not to speak of his own workmanlike but rather eclectic artistic output. Born a Quaker, at one time Director of New York's Metropolitan Museum, Fry is best known for his championship of the Post-Impressionists, whom virtually single-handed he forced down the unwilling throat of the British public. His practical support of the progressive younger English painters paralleled this interest. Readers of his "Last Lectures," recently reviewed in these columns, will not need to be reminded of his extraordinary ability to retain a youthful independence and open-mindedness up to the very moment of his death.

The Hill is Mine. Maurice Walsh. Stokes. $2.50.

NOW that Mr. Walsh is operating in Scotland instead of Ireland it is hard to note much difference in characters or *mise-en-scène*. The women are well-bred and beautiful, the men strong, handsome, capable and eager for rough and tumble hand to hand. The forests and the streams are silent, wondersome. All the elements of a good love story are there. The best romantic escapist reading of the day.

Public Utilities and National Power Policies. J. C. Bonbright. Columbia. $1.25.

THIS is one of the best things on the subject. Authoritative and easy reading. The author discusses the control of public utilities as a current economic problem, rate regulation under the "fair value" doctrine, power policies of the Roosevelt administration and public ownership and rural electrification. Sympathetic to the New Deal.

Presidential Leadership. Pendleton Herring. Farrar. $1.50.

AN ABLE BOOK on a timely subject. An impartial, keen study of the rôle of the President as it grew out of the Constitution. The author is free from the lure of sentimental slogans. That he can face the fact that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people . . . is sheer poetry" or that to talk of the president as the "people's choice" is to use extremely loose language cannot help giving an added weight to his affirmation: "Freedom today may mean little more than an opportunity to choose our masters, but this is no small privilege."

A Judge Comes of Age. John C. Knox. Scribner. $3.00.

JOHN C. KNOX, senior federal judge for the southern district of New York, tells the story of his life from the time he was born in a Pennsylvania town to the present. It's an interesting and sometimes fascinating tale. Especially charming are the anecdotes that he loves to relate about some of the colorful litigants that appeared before his bench in court. On the whole though it's a rather inconsequential book, having principally entertainment value.

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Speaking of Christmas Gifts

In times like these there are friends of yours who want to make some sense or pattern out of the daily changes in the status of the world. They are apt to be the type of people who want to keep up with the latest books, the hits on Broadway, the successes from Hollywood, the latest developments in classical and popular phonograph records. They are likely to be people who relish the give and take of discussion on such vital questions as American policy toward the war, who like to read letters motivated by indignation or enthusiasm and manifesting the strongest of convictions.

For people like these **The Commonweal** is an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it make a hit on Christmas Day alone, but it bears with it the promise of exciting reading and valuable stores of information during the coming year. And **The Commonweal** is at the same time a highly reasonable Christmas gift—particularly when you give more than one subscription. During the Christmas season the following rates are in force, and they may be applied to the renewal of your own subscription when remitted along with **Commonweal** Christmas gifts. *4 or more subscriptions will cost you only* $3 *each*; Or you may have

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The Inner Forum

NEARLY 100 members of the American hierarchy assembled at the Catholic University at Washington, for the annual general meeting of the American bishops the middle of November. Among the new steps taken was the setting up of a National Catholic Community Service Committee to coordinate Catholic activities related to the national defense program and the relief and refugee problems under the direction of Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh. A new Department of Youth under Bishop Duffy of Buffalo was also set up. It was decided that a new NCWC headquarters in Washington would be built. The Catholic Biblical Association of America was authorized to communicate directly with individual bishops about observing Bible Day in each see next spring. It was recommended that a single annual collection be taken up in American dioceses and archdioceses for all relief and refugee work.

One of the most interesting committee reports dealt with the aid rendered by the bishops to various foreign lands. The largest amount, $506,000, went for relief and education work among the Mexicans. Included in this sum was the establishment of a seminary for Mexican candidates for the priesthood at Las Vegas, N. M. Next largest was that of the Bishops' Committee for Polish Relief, which had collected $383,280.84. Of this $100,000 was used by Pius XII for this purpose, including work among the Polish refugees in Hungary, Lithuania and Rumania. Some $50,000 more was returned to the committee in this country by the Holy Father for the purchase of food, clothing and medicines sent on to Poland. Large sums were made available to Cardinal Hlond in Rome and Archbishop Ciriaci, papal nuncio to Portugal, and Most Reverend George Caruana, papal nuncio to Cuba, to aid the Polish refugees in those countries.

In the past year the Episcopal Committee for Catholic Refugees has handled 1,114 new refugee cases and successfully placed 302 alien refugees. This committee reported collecting $347,332.60 for its work. The Bishops have also extended considerable aid to China and donated more than $30,000 to relieve the suffering occasioned by the earthquake in Chile.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Jean C. de MÉNASCE wrote "Christ and the Artist" for our Fall Book Number; he follows up with another profound discussion in the same *genre*.

Tom BOGGS is living in the Ozarks and writing lyrics of his usual quality. He has just published "Lyric Moderns" and his "Poems" is about to appear.

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